

Enchanted 351

He frowned, apparently disgusted by the name of Fredrick, and said nothing more, and a brief answer followed, "Yes."

"Then you..."

"I've got something to do. I'll have to go." He didn't want to answer too much and interrupted her softly.

The sun stretched his shadow.

Somehow, Irish seemed to see the solitude in his heart. When he stepped down the steps, she suddenly asked, "Do you really love her?"

Roy stopped, turned his head, and said in a slow and heavy tone, "I am in love with her, but I find that love is powerless. She has someone in her heart, and I can't change it." And then he went away.

Irish stood in the sun for a long time, Roy's words were simple but deep, but why did she feel these words were more like to describe her relationship with Joseph?

Cassie's parents had arrived at the hospital early in the morning. When Irish pushed the ward door, she saw that the two old people looked much better than they had been yesterday. When she took a glance, Fredrick was sitting at the bedside and feeding her porridge himself. Her mother was afraid that she would choke and raise the bed. Fredrick quickly wiped her mouth and waited patiently to feed her again.

Seeing this scene, Irish finally understood why Roy said he was powerless against love.

They all saw Irish, and Cassie's mother hastened to call her in. Fredrick's hand that held the spoon slightly trembled, but he still sent the porridge to Cassie's lips, not looking back at Irish.

Cassie shook her head, motioning that she didn't want to take more. Her eyes fixed on Irish, but Fredrick gently persuaded her to eat a little more.

"I'd like to talk to Irish alone." She opened her mouth, and her voice was weak.

Irish slightly pulled the heavy curtain, letting the sunlight sprinkle in more.

Cassie, who was lying in her bed, had to take a look at her and gently frowned. "You blame me, don't you?"

"Don't talk to me. I don't have such a cowardly friend!"

Cassie stopped talking and hung her head down.

After all, she had just come back from death; although Irish was angry, she could not bear to see Cassie's pale face and weak appearance. She sat down on the chair beside the bed and peeled an apple while saying, "Cassie, next time when you want to die, you must inform me, I'll help to stab you right straight in your heart."

"I'm sorry." Cassie's voice was wrapped with hoarseness, and she raised her face to her, displeased, "I know you're scared."

Irish never looked up, nibbling her lip, peeling the apple.

"Irish." Cassie reached out and pulled her sleeve.

Irish was forced to look up, and Cassie saw her red eyes, and her eyes flashed all at once. "I'm warning you! Don't you dare to do this again, and I'll completely treat you as a stranger!"

Cassie held her hand.

Her cold fingers made Irish no longer say cruel words, and she tightly held her, whose tears kept falling from her eyes, "Why are you so stupid? Is there no solution to your problem? You never knew how terrible it was to watch an almost lifeless friend cutting her wrist and drowning in the bathtub. I almost went crazy!"

Cassie cried and kept saying sorry. Irish put the apple aside, sat up to her, and wiped her tears with a tissue. "Do you still treat me like a friend? You can confide in me when you are in a bad mood. Why did you hurt yourself?"

"I'm sorry, Irish, but in fact, actually, I don't know what I'm doing." Cassie looked at her.

Irish sighed, reached her hands to embrace Cassie, and thanked God for letting her come back. "I heard about you and Fredrick. I know you hate him for doing this, but is it worth it to hurt yourself?"

Cassie shook her head gently in her arms. "Actually, I don't hate him at all, but I can't forget him."

Irish pulled herself slightly apart, feeling pity for her, "Even so, you shouldn't do this craziness."

"No, Irish, believe me, I don't want to die at all."

"You mean to say you want to change his mind in this way?" That was the most direct conclusion she could think, astonished, and anger sprang up again.

However, Cassie still shook her head. "No, actually, I also understand that feelings can't be forced, but I don't know what's going on these days. Sometimes when I look downstairs, I feel that I should feel good about jumping. And yesterday, I really wanted to take a bath, but somehow I felt my wrist tickling, and I had to cut it off with a knife to get rid of itchiness."

Irish listened to her in amazement and asked, "Did you have these thoughts after the breakup or before?"

"After the breakup."

Suddenly there was a rope that severely strangled Irish's heart while listening to Cassie, and with it, there was also a deep feeling of chagrin and guilt. It was because she had misunderstood Cassie that she did it to win back Fredrick.

It was only a few seconds before she realized why Cassie committed suicide: depression caused by lovelorn.

Depression could be light or heavy, and the light one would be self-pity, thinking everything in pessimism, and the heavy one's personality split, and would do harmful acts against themselves.

Irish's assessment, Cassie's suicidal behavior was caused by depression, and without timely treatment, in the future, it was easy for Cassie to take advantage of this situation to repeat such a harmful act. Thinking about it, Irish deeply blamed herself.

As a good friend of hers and being a psychiatrist, she didn't know she had suffered a mental illness. Thinking about the time she was abroad and receiving Cassie's untimely call without noticing her depression made her feel upset.

She must have been suffering from a low spirit and bad mood for a long time, triggering her to commit suicide. Irish thought silently.

Noticing Irish's eyebrows wrinkled tightly, Cassie asked hesitantly, "I... Did I upset you?"

"Nothing. I just thought you were a silly woman. So many people are concerned about you. How can you forget us?" Irish clenched her hand, pressed her worried emotions down without giving Cassie a hint, and whispered, "If you want to get better soon, I have a lot of fun to share with you. And, well, I accidentally got a diamond stone, which is very strange. When you leave the hospital, you must look at it as I only believe you can appraise it carefully."